

A STORY FROM THE LAND OF MARTYRS-  
TRAL (KASHMIR)

# THREE MARTYRS FROM THE SAME PIECE OF LAND

BY

ARBAAZ ALI

# THREE MARTYRS FROM THE SAME PIECE OF LAND

Copyright © 2018 by ARBAAZ ALI.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

The story depicted in the book is based on the true incident and some names and locations have been deliberately changed to maintain the identity.



*India's leading law information provider*  
[www.ebc.co.in](http://www.ebc.co.in)

## Somewhere in Tral (Kashmir).....

### Present day

Hey Mir, where are we going? Asked Fred.

Sir, we are going to my hometown Tral, I am sure you will love that place, replied Mir.

Ha-ha, hope so. But to be honest each and every place in Kashmir is wonderful, replied Fred while looking outside the window.

Yes, sir. It is heaven on earth basically. So you enjoyed our tour to Pehalgam, isn't it? Asked Mir while driving.

Yes, yes there is nothing to ask for. I loved that place, it was really wonderful and beautiful place, replied Fred.

Wonderful and beautiful same as your country Scotland? Ha-ha. Asked Mir in funny mood.

Ha-ha, you can say that, Scotland and Kashmir is quite similar, these valleys, river, mountains etc. I wish I can have a longer journey plan if I visit here again. Replied Fred.

Sure, these mountains and valleys are the one of the reasons we love our Kashmir. By the way, please take out your identification card as we are approaching a check point, said Mir.

Yes yes, I got it, replied Fred.

**(They both got passed from the check point after being verified by the forces)**

Since when you are a tour guide Mir, asked Fred.

It's almost seven years since I joined a tourist company and then I also started to provide my own cab to the tourist, replied Mir.

Great, I wish god always help you and provide you a clean way to earn money, said Fred.

Thanks a lot sir, world is still full of good people like you, replied Mir while driving.

**(They both had a lot conversation in the journey and after some time, they both reached Tral)**

Welcome to my hometown sir, said Mir while parking the cab near his house.

My god! It's beautiful, replied Fred.

Ha-ha, this is nothing, I will explore you to whole village and its beauty but first we will have some breakfast, alright sir! Said Mir.

Oh yes, I am hungry too and please I request you don't call me sir, you can call me Fred instead, replied Fred.

Ha-ha, no sir you are our guest and it's kind of respect to call you sir, said Mir while going inside the house.

**(They both enjoyed the breakfast and after that Mir took Fred towards the beauty of his village)**

Ah! I got my stomach almost full. That dish was really awesome, I forgot the name, what it was? Asked Fred.

Yakhni! We call it Yakhni sir, actually it is a mutton recipe, don't worry that's why I took you for a walk so that it will maintain the digestion and also I will show you the beauty of my village and also I'll tell you the recipe of Yakhni so that you can also make this in your home, replied Mir.

Ha-ha sure, sure. Said Fred.

Oh look at that, that fields, they are wonderful, said Fred while running towards the fields.

Ha-ha, these are fields of almond, you can have a taste of these almond if you want, replied Mir.

Yes, sure. They are so delicious, replied Fred while eating the almonds.

Let's go sir, I will take you to the best place from where you can have glimpse of the whole village, said Mir.

**(They both proceed towards the cliff and they both sat down there having a lot of conversion)**

Look at that sir, that's my house from where we started, said Mir while pointing towards the village.

Yes, yes! I can see that, can't believe we had come across to that distance, this is amazing. Replied Fred.

**(Suddenly, Fred saw white painted house which is close to Mir's house and which is almost damaged and wrecked)**

Hey Mir, what's that? What's wrong with that house in your neighbor, asked Fred.

What? Which house? I can't understand. Replied Mir while looking towards the village.

That white painted house, which is partially damaged and wrecked, right adjacent to your house, said Fred.

Oh! That house. Actually it's not something you should know, it's a different thing apart from the beauty of this village, so please I don't want you to know, I want you to enjoy the beauty and your tour to Kashmir from Scotland, replied Mir while patting the shoulder of Fred.

I respect your words towards me but still I want to know why you are saying all this, please my friend I request you to please tell me, requested Fred.

Alright, alright sir! I will tell you, but promise me you will not judge this beauty and beautiful soul of any Kashmiri regarding that incident which I am going to tell you, said Mir.

Don't worry Mir, we are smart and mature enough to understand every circumstances and incident, Replied Fred.

Actually, I will tell you the story about that white painted house, what exactly happened three days ago, but I will tell you the story in three different phases, so that you can understand the incident easily, said Mir.

**(While sitting on the grass and enjoying fresh air, Mir started telling the story to Fred)**

**FIRST PHASE (inside the house)**

Hey Kamran, nice to meet you brother, said Faisal.

Faisal, my brother how are you? Asked Kamran while hugging Faisal.

Come have a sit brother, said Faisal.



Yes, yes! Bytheway how's your mother, I heard about your loss and I know mothers are not that much strong too face these kind to tragic, I hope she is fine, isn't it? Asked Kamran.

Yes, little bit. But still this is very painful for any mother to loss his son, isn't it, asked Faisal.

Indeed, brother. I don't know exactly what happened to your younger brother and how you come to join us, asked Kamran.

Actually, it was started almost a month ago, my younger brother was in schooling days and that time I was preparing for civil services main examination as I clear my civil services pre exams with flying colors. I worked very hard to achieve success as we had faced many troubles in our family after my father passed away in my childhood.

That day my brother is getting ready for school and my mother is busy making me breakfast and I was busy with the studies. My brother went to school and that was the last time I saw him and his gentle face.

After that, it's around 6pm when we realized that my brother didn't came back from his school. We waited a lot and time by time it's night and still there was no trace of my missing brother. My mother also got admitted to hospital and I still remember that night was the longest night I ever felt.

By the morning, as I was going back to my home from hospital to take some necessary items from my home, I come to know that there was an encounter last night between rebels and forces, and when I got more information on that I saw a lot of people is approaching towards my house, carrying dead body of my brother. That time my whole world collapsed in a second, when I saw live less body of my brother wrapped in clothe.

I was crying hard and suddenly I come to know that my mother also have to go through this trauma once she come to know about this. That makes me shiver.

And till evening, the whole village come to know about this along with my mother and during his funeral procession in evening, this is the first time I saw pain on my mother's face, she was crying holding his live less son that moment is the most painful moment for me in my whole life.

In the funeral procession I come to know that my brother was killed by forces and labeled as militant and that's why he got killed. I was broken by this news, my brother was not a militant he was just a common teen who never picked up stone in his hand, never participated in any protest still he got killed and the thing is that further he got stained on his name as militant.

And in that funeral procession I saw my mother for the last time before leaving for revenge, I kissed her on her forehead and told her that I will take revenge of her tears, revenge of her son who was brutally killed, and since then I am with you guys and I am not sad with the reality whether people call me militant or terrorist, I am with truth and injustice towards my mother and brother, explained Faisal.

Don't worry brother, by the way, where is your mom now? Asked Kamran.

She went to our relatives home in pulwama soon after I left her on the day of funeral of my brother, since then she is living there, replied Faisal.

**(Faisal and Kamran are talking, suddenly their friend Khalid came to them and shouted)**

Oh no brothers, there is cordon and search operation by the forces and they got us surrounded, replied Khalid.

Yet again, brother from our own village informed the forces about our presence in the village for sake of small amount of money, replied Faisal while picking up his gun.

C'mon, let go...shouted Kamran.

No, no! We all can't able to get out from the house at the same time, you both get out of the house from the backdoor, and I will distract them so that you both can get away the from the cordon, said Faisal while going towards the window.

No, no! Please don't do that, shouted Kamran.

Don't worry, you both just get out now, shouted Faisal while hugging Kamran.

**(Kamran and Khalid get out of the house from back door and rushed towards tree lines, and Faisal rushed towards window and distracted forces by continuous firing)**

### **Second phase (outside the house)**

Sir, we are having continuous and heavy firing from the front window of the house, shouted a soldier.

Alright, don't worry, stick to the plan and keep fighting replied officer.

Where is Capt. Fiaz, shouted the officer.

Yes, sir. I am here, right in front of the wall, replied Capt. Faiz while firing towards the house.

Report to me, Capt. Faiz. Said the officer.

Roger that, sir. Replied Capt. Faiz.

Listen, Capt. I want light machine gun firing from the left flank, make sure it hit the window directly, go pass that wall and find a place to setup that machine gun, officer orders Capt. Faiz.

Alright, sir! I'll do it. Replied Capt. Faiz while going towards wall with assistant soldiers.

Everyone keep firing towards the window, shouted officer.

Sir we have a lot of protesters coming from the left of us, shouted a soldier.

Keep them away from the encounter site by firing tear gas and firing bullets in the air, ordered officer.

### **Third phase (around the house)**

Hey Haider, come out. We have army in our village, shouted Asif.

Really, asked Haider while coming out of his house.

Yes, yes! There is Caso, and some of our brothers have been trapped, shouted Asif while picking up stones from the street.

Alright let's go, go! Replied Haider.

Stay away from open roads, they are firing tear gases and pellets, shouted protesters.

Go back! Go back! Shouted Haider.

No, no! Someone please help me, Haider got hit, he is injured please someone help me, shouted Asif while holding blood filled body of Haider.

Take that boy to hospital shouted protesters.

***(After almost 2 hours of encounter, there is silence in the village. And according to the media three people including one militant, one soldier and one civilian has been succumbed to injuries)***

### **Present day...**

So you mean an encounter took place in this village, asked Fred.

Yes, believe me this is not a new thing for this village, we have to witness these incidents almost every month, replied Mir.

Feeling sorry for those three persons who got killed in that encounter, said Fred while looking towards the village.

And the strangest thing is that, all the three who got killed in the encounter are from the same piece of land, Faisal who got killed in the house is from Tral, and that army officer who got killed Capt. Faiz was also from Tral who got recruited to Indian army three years ago and that guy Haider who got injured in the protest and later died in the hospital was also from the same land, explained Mir.

This is really shocking, all are from same land but still have different aspects of life, isn't it? Asked Fred.

Yes, indeed. During childhood days, sometimes they all used to greet each other and now they all died on the same day at the same place where they were born, this is the sad reality of Kashmir apart from the beauty, replied Mir while having tears in eyes.

Don't worry Mir, they all are martyrs. Said Fred while convincing Mir.

Yes, but some of Kashmiris think only two of them Faisal and Haider are martyrs and they don't call Capt. Faiz a martyr, but for some all the three are martyrs, replied Mir.

It's up to each individual what they think, according to you what's your thinking? Asked Fred.

It's not about thinking, it's about the pain and grief we Kashmiri are facing from every side we Kashmiri are suffering, if you consider Faisal as a martyr his family who is suffering and crying they are a Kashmiri, if you consider Haider as a martyr his family is also Kashmiri who is going through the pain of losing his son, and if you consider Capt. Faiz as martyr or not, its again a Kashmiri family who is suffering and crying, the thing is that, It doesn't matter one got martyred or not, it's the Kashmiri tears rolled out of the eyes every time. In our language we used say "Kashmir eik aisi jagah hai jaha per shadi kam, shahadat ziyada hoti hai", which in English means "Kashmir is a place where there is more martyrs funeral processions as compared to marriage", explained Mir.

I can understand the pain, Mir. Replied Fred.

Enough Fred, I don't want to spoil your time by discussing these things, this is a normal thing for us. Let's go Fred, we will have some lunch and then we will proceed towards dal lake in Srinagar, replied Mir.

Alright Mir, thank you so much for trusting me and telling me the truth of your village, said Fred.

It's all right sir, world is still full of good and dependable people like you, and to be honest since when I met you I am serious you are one of the most wonderful person I ever met, Replied Mir while proceeding towards the home.

The incident you told me was really heart breaking and if I want to give a name to that story it would be "three martyrs from the same piece of land" said Fred.

Yes, sir! It is the most suitable name for this incident “three martyrs from the same piece of land” replied Mir while looking back towards his village.

**THE END**

# THREE MARTYRS FROM THE SAME PIECE OF LAND

Copyright © 2018 by ARBAAZ ALI.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the published, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

